

And Shadows Will Creep Away: A poem by Patrick Bruskiewich

My shadow crept across the floor
It stretched as far as time permit
and marched its way beyond the door
far into the empty hall beyond.

It mark the impending step of time
when friendship lasts a little while
and misadventures are a crime
boxed as a captive on trodden tiles.

What does one do as sadness comes?
When grief and sorrow and pity lands
hard upon a worn out face that some
short moment before knew great hope.

It says "*trust no one!*" surely not yourself!
Go to and hide behind your shadow.
Do not bear to show your face
on which tears stream pitied, lo.

Let this outcast light creep away.
The darkness comes and hide. Let no
one touch your solemn heart, pray
set yourself against the world ... go ...

End not as a forgotten captive
of the misdeeds or others, who
choose not to understand your life
and do what tortuous harm they do.

Well, a person cannot be an isle ...
done entire of themselves, they say.
Yet I know fate will, in a while
lend lasting refuge from rueful days.

And shadows will creep away

do mischief to others, fear
do return when some unfutured day
my eyes forever are dried of tears.

I wish not to be left alone,
far from even you, my shadow ...
Friend, if time heals all earthy wounds
seek me not too long tomorrow ...

For then I shall be your shadow
and creep across your trodden floor
to whisper quietly into your ear
that I am here no more.